WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1885.

"No Classes," "No classes" here? Why, that is igle talk.
The village beguingers at the country boor:
The importuning mendicants who walk
Our city streets despise the parish poor.

Meanwhile the latter leans upon her broom.

The greeer's daughter eyes the farmer's lass With haughty glances, while the lawyer's Would pay no visits from the trading class
If policy were not her creed in life.

The proud possessor of a pedigree Ignores the youth whose father rose by work sceking maiden scorns all three.

The action exter of blood looks down
Upon the nouveaux riches and in disdain
The lovery of the intellectual frown
On book and worship at the skrine of Brain.

"No scores here," the clergyman has said;
"We are one family." You see his rage
And horror when his favorite son would wed
Some pure and petty player on the stage.

Stis the vain, and natural human way
Of vaunting our weak selves, our pride, our worth!
Not till the long delayed millennfal day
Skali we behold "Ne classes" on God's earth.
--E la Wi ee er Wi e x. in Jown Topics.

MY WIDOW.

She was the meekest and most docile little personage you ever saw. That, of course, was before she became my

How could she become my widow, when I'm here alive and flourishing. to tell my own story? Just wait until I've finished, and you will see.

Sae was very pretty, too, with pink apple cheeks, and eyes of that pecuhar translucent beryl-green that you see so seldom, a slender lithe figure, and a step as noiseless as if she wore the famous shoes of silence. There was something cat-like about her-at least, so Fitz-Brown said, but Fitz-Brown was always prejudiced against Lucilla.

"Depend upon it, old tellow, she's married you for your money," said Fitz-Brown. "It doesn't stand to reason that a girl of eighteen should tie herself to a fat old heathen of fifty-four unless there is some motive lurking un-

derneath. "Faz-Brown," I broke in irritably, "you're a fool!"

"I may be a fool," answered that gentleman calmly, "but a single fool is not so bad as a married fool, in any point of view you choose to take it.' There was no use arguing with Fitz-Brown. He was a stupborn, opinionated old fellow at best, and he was determined not to like Lucilla from the very first. How he did exult when he came down to my office and told me that Harry Sykes was spending the evening with Lucilla-that same reckless young good-for-naught who had been wont to hang around her before we were married. And Lucilla had told me she was going to take tea with her

Nevertheless I put on a bold face. "Well, let him spend the evening," said L ... Where's the harm?"

"Yes; but-but the curtains were not drawn, and-and it isn't necessary for him to sit on the same sofa, with his arm round her waist." I went straight home, but Mr. Sykes had departed, and Lucilla was darning my stockings by the lire.

"Lucilla," said I sternly, "I must forbid any more of Henry Sykes's visits here. "Yes, Josiah," said my wife; "Harry

is rather troublesome." "And you will please receive no more young gentlemen visitors in my ab-

"No, Josiah." "The fact is, Lucilla, I am afraid you

read too many novels." "Perhaps I do," said my wife meek-

ly.
"I will bring up a set of 'Rollins'
Ancient History' to-morrow and some sermons for you to read. All lighter literature must be banished at once. "Certainly, Josiah."

Could Fitz-Brown himself have expeeted more complete and dutiful acquaintance in all my demands?

Lucilla was preternaturally affectionate the next two or three days. She hung round me in the most bewitching manner, sewed my shirt-buttons on, gan for my slippers, and would insist on toasting the bread herself, until her pretty face was the color of a scarlet tomato, "because cook is so careless, and dear Josiah likes his toast browned fust so."

"What shall I order for dinner, dear? The butcher's man is here. Steaks or a roasting piece?" "I don't care," I answered mechan-

ically. "Suit yourself."
"But you know your wishes are my pleasure, love."

"Steaks then." "And about the pudding, sweet? Shall I tell cook to make a real old English plum, or would you prefer

baked suet?" Really it was very nice to hear one's wishes consulted in this sort of manner. And when I departed from the office. Lucilla herself stood on tiptoe to tie the worsted muffler round my

"For if you should take cold, dearest, and anything should happen, it

would break your dear little wife's Under these harmonious circumstances that sudden vovage to India came

like a thunderbolt across the serene horizon of our matrimonial life. "How shall I live without you six months, my dearest?" sobbed Lucilla,

her lovely beryl eyes swimming in · But we cannot always control neeeseity, and, after a mournful farewell,

in which my wife fairly succumbed and went isto hysterics. I departed on nocessary business for the firm of Miner and Montleke, I myself being the aforesaid Mortlaice

How it happened that my name was erroneously lugged into the details of that massacre in which the barbarous coolies murdered so many of the foreign population, when I was actually tes miles farther up the country, never knew, and then my long fever, during which & found it impossible to write or obtain an amanuensis, served to complicate matters. When I recovered. I resolved to proceed imme-

diately back to my native land. "I'll not write." I mentally decided. "I'll surprise Lucilla, bless her dear little heart! How delighted she will

So I took passage in the first English steamer that sailed, pretty well cured of all my romantic ideas of traveling in foreign climes, and thoroughly convinced that when a man has lived fifty odd years in the world his best place is at home.

Half-way across, we hailed an English craft, outward-bound, and there was an exchange of newspapers and other civilities.

Then followed an oppressive silence,

As I unfolded a London paper, scarceunder the obituary notices, my own

So I was supposed ' be dead. A curious sensation, like the running of cold water, crept down my spinalcolumn-an involuntary shudder.

It is a sudden shock to read of your own death, and calculate how long you have been under ground, and not by any means an agreeable one. "I don't think I'm dead," said

stretching out my arms and legs, giving myself a pinch, and feeling the strong pulses that projected healthy currents through my veins, "and yet this evidence is certainly very convincing-that I was murdered by barbarous natives on the night of the 25th of May. Poor, dear little Lucilla! how inconsolable she must be!"

So it happened, you see, that I was going home to comfort my widow. It was a curious experience, to be landing at last-to shrink away from the observation of one's fellow-mortals, as if one had no business in this created world; to feel like a disembodied spirit, come back to revisit the scenes of its mortality, or a ghost, prowling abroad by garisa daylight.

I slunk through by-ways of back lanes towards my home, not altogether certain whether someone would not attempt to exorcise me.

It was late in the afternoon when we entered port, and the shadows of the autumn evening were gathering round as I crept up the doorsteps of my own mansion, and entered, stealthily as a

Were the shutters down, the windows draped, the house dressed in seemly habiliments of woe? Not at all; lights glowed brilliantly behind the curtains, gay voices echoed from the parlor, and-eould my ear have deceived me? No, surely that was Lucilla's laugh ringing merrily on the air.

"A little hysterical, perhaps;" thought, but nevertheless, instead of boldly entering the drawing-room and confronting my wife, I instinctively passed on to the giaced extension room behind, communicating, by draperies of purple silk, with the large apartment-a room where I had been wont to keep my books, and which I digni-

fied by the title of 'library.' It was but faintly lighted by the borrowed lustre of the drawing-room chandelier, and as I entered I stumbled over something-it was my own portrait, ignominiously turned with its face to the wall.

I crept forward with an ominous foreboding-a sudden d sagreeable recollection of Fitz-Bown's croaking predictions. But as I put aside the Lyrian folds of the curtain a most unwelcome vision met my eye.

Lucilla in her widow's weeds. She looked very pretty in them, to be sure; the close erapped cap could not hide her clustering ripples of golden-brown hair, and her beautiful greengray eyes certainly did not seem to have wept themselves dim. Moreover, re dimpled roses in her cheeks, and smiles upon her lips; and her dress of sombre black only seemed to relieve the fair, transparent style of her waxdoll beauty.

But she was not alone. Close beside her on the sofa, actually playing with her soft little white hand, and bending devotedly over the border of the widow's can, sat Harry Sykes! "Come, Lucilla," he said impatient-

ly, "you have tantalised me long enough. When will you give me this little treasure of a hand, and let me call you mine?" "What nonsense, Harry?" said my

widow coquettishly, but she didn't withdraw her hand, "when you know | that my husband hasn't been dead six months. "Oh, hang the old duffer! Who cares

whether he has been dead six days or six months? He's gone, thanks to the coolies, and he's willed you all the cash. You know very well you never and this is found in the ground article. cared for him, Lucilla.

My widow did not contradict this sweeping statement. But the look of the thing, you know, Harry dear. Don't squeeze my hand

"Lucilla, don't you love me?"
"Of course I.do," with a charming

little pout "Tuen, my heart's queen, what is the use of keeping me in suspense?"
"Realiy, Harry." she murmured, "I

don't know what to say." "Then say yes."
Lucilia's head dropped until the widow's cap nearly touched her com-

panion's shoulder. "Yes," she murmured at last. Human nature could stand this no longer. I dashed aside the purple silk draperies, and entered precipitately on the scene-quite an unexpected

addition to the d umutis personae. "Not so fast, madame, if you please!" I cried with a sort of demoniac exultation. "I may be an 'old duffer,' and you may 'never have cared' for me, but are getting along altogether to smooth-

Lucilla sprang to her feet with an eldritch scream. "It's a ghost! it's Josiah's ghost!"

Mr. Harry Sykes stared helplessly at me, as if he had been paralysed. "No, madame, it's not Josiah's ghost

-it's his living self. You thought you had got rid of me, did you? An awkward mistake to make, under the circumstances. Walk out of this house, sir, and never let me see your countenance again!"

Mr. Sykes obeyed sheepishly onough. If there had but been something of the supernatural inscrutably mingled in my sudden appearance and vehemont adjurations, he might have stood by his colors and Lucilla. As it was, however, he adjourned sine die, without a word of apology to me or farewell to

Lucilla. 'As for you, madame." I said sterny, turning to my sobbing wife-no longer widow-"you may go home to your mother. I want no more of your reacherous wiles. Fitz-Brown was

Vehemently ringing the bell, I orlered a carriage and packed the bewildered woman off before she could

remonstrate. That was the end of my matrimonial experience, for Lucilla has never yet ventured to return to the shadow of

Fitz-Brown and I are keeping house together, after an orthodox bachelor fashion. I think Fitz is sincerely sorry for me, but he has never yet insulted me with the truism:

"I told you so!"

v roof.

"I am very tired," said the lady at said: the head of the boarding-house table "Sh-h, sh-h, don't make a noise-Monday morning to the good-natured you'll wake the baby!" minister who sat at the other end, "You should not be," said the parson; "you didn't preach a sermon yester-day." "No," said the lady, almost which gave the minister time to reflect money at command now than her to twelve inches in length and as firm ly more than six weeks old, I saw, that he had come out only second best. -t hiladelphia Bulletin.

ADULTI RATED SPICES. P pper, Cloves, G ager, and Mustard Al

The greater part of the spices sold in this city are adulterated. Adulteration has become an art in which the knowledge of science and the ingenuity of trade are freely ex reised. Pure spices are debased for pecuniary profit by adding to them inferior or spurious articles, or by taking from them one or more of their constituents. The objects of adulteration are to increase the bulk or weight of the article, to improve its appearance, to give it a false strength, and to rob it of its most valuable constituents. The practice has grown with the competition of trade, and in spite of severe laws prohibiting it.

People know so little about spice that it can be adulterated with very slight chance of discovery. An expert, however, can tell it at once. The head of the spice department of a grocery firm in this city, says the New York

"To be sure of adulteration, one needs only to look at the price-lists issued by firms which sell spices. The price of a ground spice is often less than that of the unground article. which is absurd on its face. Unground pper can not be sold for less than 14 ents a pound, and yet we find ground pepper offered for 5 and 6 cents a pound. Ground ginger is offered at 5 cents a pound, while the unground is 8 cents. This means that the ground spice has been heavily adulterated with some cheap material. Some firms go so far as to advertise adulterated goods, and evade the law by calling

them compounds. "Black pepper is adulterated with a substance called pepper dust, made from cocoanut shells, and also with buckwheat hulls, charcoal, white meal, and mustard bran. Cocoanut shells, when ground up very fine, are used very generally as an adusterant of spices, as mere is no taste to interfere with the flavor of the spice. Buckwheat hulls, otherwise worthless, are a source of profit to miliers, as they are worth 21 ents a pound for adulterating purposes. The charcoal gives a black ap-

pearance to the pepper.' The informant put a sample of the besterMalaga, pepper beside a poor quality of black pepper. The Malaga pepper could readily be distinguished a cause of its lighter color. Mr. Miller mixed some white meal with the common pepper and it became so like the best pepper that it could hardly be old apart.

"You see," he said, "that I have not only adultered the pepper, but I have, to all appearances, improved its

quality." "White pepper is adulterated with white meal, terra alba, and rice flour. Terra alba is fine marble dust, and enormous quantities are exported from taly for purposes of adulteration. and various kinds of meal are also used for adulterating pepper, but not to so great an extent as the things I have mentioned. Cayenne pepper is adulterated with white meal, Venetian red. and salt, the three being ground to-gether. The sait gives a brighter color to the red, which is itself a poisonous article. This doctoring is practiced on African pepper, a duil red pepper, worth only 8 cents a pound, in order to bring it up to the brilliant color of Natal pepper, worth 30 cents a pound. The fraudulent article can be detected by placing a small quantity on a sheet of white paper and ruobing it with the finger. The Venetian red will make

red marks on the paper. "Ginger is adulterated with meal, rice flour, starch, cayenne pepper, and manila rope. Ginger root has a very fine, hair-like fiber running through it, Country people will not buy it unless they see the libers, and bits of manila rope are used to take their place in the false article. The cayenne pepper makes the laste sharper. A drop of ammonia will expose this compound by turning it red. Chrome yellow, a poisonous substance, is sometimes

used for coloring.
"Cloves, worth 20 cents a pound, are adulterated with clove-stems worth 2 cents a pound. These clove-stems are the little green twigs from which the cloves are plucked. Cloves are also adultered with pepper-dust, and all

spice is also treated in the same way. "Considerable ingenuity is shown in adulterating cinnamon and nutmeg: Old crackers or flour are baked brown in an oven and ground up fine, and this is mixed with the ground cinnamon and nutmeg. In adulterating mace Venetian red is mixed with the

flour, starch, rice flour, and wheat flour, and colored with aniline colornevertheless you and Mr. Sykes here ings. The fraud can readily be de tected, as the compound becomes blue when treated with a solution of iodine. The common German and French mustard is made up of a compound of mustard, cracker dust, and cayenne Go, and may hereen be with you.'
pepper, and is flavored with sugar, oil,
Certingly, ma am, certingly, says

and vinegar to suit the taste. "Another method of abusing cloves by extracting their essential oils. This is done in Europe by boiling them, and in this country by pressing out the

An Ilf-Timed Visit.

Prof. Jacques, as everybody knows, has been investigating psychical phechical phenomena as he is. This brother called the other evening to make a faternal visit. He entered the house, and struck, naturally enough, for the back parlor. The professor

stopped him at the door.
"Sh-h, sh-h," said the professor, "don't come in-don't make a noisethere's a lady in here in a trance!" The visitor started back and attempted to go into the front parlor.

At the door he was met by somebody he didn't know, who said: "Sh-h, sh-h-don't come in; there is a man in here who is just going under the influence!" Then he started for the library.

Somebody else met him as he swung open the door: "Sh-h, sh-h, be careful; there's a seance going on, and you'll spoil the conditions if you come in that way!" He rushed up-stairs and rapped rather briskly at the door of the family sitting-room. It was his sister-in-

ton Record.

former husband. She is set down for as during life. \$2,000,000.

An Iron-Clad Contract. The actor's lot is not happy one,

especially if he be a star actor, responsible for salaries to the usual gigantic dramatic combination which supports him at an average cost of \$20 a week per individual. It is not long since a scrimmage between the deputyesheriff and the front of the Grand opera house made quite a stir, and the matter is still somewhere about the courts. The courts resemble a trunkmaker's vardthey are full of cases, and a great many rot before they are called into action I should not wonder if that one went the same way. There is a moral in this story. A noted star, having failed to draw at \$1.50, made up his mind to try a week at "popular prices" before leaving town, and he thought he would secure himself. The theatre he se-lected had been a prey to sheriffs' officers. So at some expense he hired a lawyer to draw up an iron-clad, riveted contract, which should prevent the ubiquitous deputy sheriff from grabbing the receipts for what debts were outstanding. This contract was indeed an iron-clad one. It gave him charge of the box-office, charge of the ticket entrance, charge of all the money that came in, and charge of all the property within a four-mile radius. This document he posted up in a prominent place, and then he began to sell tickets. The orehestra was playing its wild, independent music, each instrument having chance. The trombone is not allowed there to blow louder. than the flute, unless the man with the flute can blow as hard as the trombone. The violinists are at liberty to play what they darn please as long as they don't drown the 'cello. It is a go-as-you-please orchestra and gives an enormous variety of music at the

same moment. Well, this match among the instruments was about through on the first night when three deputy sheriffs danced up, to the box office window, singing "Three Little Deputies Are We." As they prepared to grab their six eyes fell on the iron-clad contract. It was too much for them. They stood dumb. Just then a man came up to buy a ticket. He planked down four bits. The coin was taken by the ticket-seller, placed in a tin-cup, and—flip—by means of a rubber attachment it disappeared, banging face toward a hole in the wall. The coin vanished and the cup came back. The deputies stared with very open eyes at this new dodge. Then one of them turned to

the others. "This beats us. They've got an attachment stronger than any we've got.' The ticket-seller smiled blandly upon them as they left. The star was safe. A hole had been bored between the bar-room and the box-office and each coin as it was taken in disappeared into the charge of a man at the other undisturbed by the sheriff, and the agent counted up the house with his could be derived from \$40. The scheme was quite successful but for one thing: The man at the other side of the shole had skipped with the money .- : an Francisco Ukron cle.

Heaven Was With Him. "I was in Custer City three years ago, and as dead broke as a skinned wolf," he said, as the boys pumped him to tell how he got such a sear on

"No, sir, I hadn't a blessed nickel. and I didn't know a human being in that town. There was no work, no way to get out; and I leaned against a dead wall and wondered how much my revolver would sell for, and which way I should head if I had \$10. Tell you, gents, I was feeling powerful blue when Hope cum scooting around the corner to pat me on the back and give me a boost. If you remember, the poet says its always the darkest just afore dawn, and somebody has written that Providence never goes back on a man who means to do the squar' thing."

"Who was Hope?" asked one. "She was a female-a woman. I don't remember whether she was as purty as an angel or as homely as a Digger squaw. Sae flew up to me and

says, says she: Do I address a gentleman?'-... Madam, you haven't made any mistake, says 1

... Have you got sand? Fons of it madam. And so you want to make \$50?' if I don't then an Injun never

hankered for seates, saved. "With that snewpars the ten-dollar balls in my paw, walksone lo the corner, and, pinting up the streat to the St. "Mustard is adulterated with sago Louis Red Front saiden confiners: He's in there! Go and shoot

him? ... Who might it be ma'am? My nusband! He's a brute and a tyrant! He's justifier me outdoors at the muzzle of a revolver! He's a big, red-faced fellow with a broken nose.

I, and I makes a bee line for the Red

"The tyrannical husband was prepared for me. When I was a hundred feet away he takes a dead squint on me and pops off his gun. The bullet rips open my cheek, as this 'ere scar makes affidavy. I was whirled around and sent to grass, but I whips over on my stomach, gets a quick sight on nomena. The professor has a brother him, and before he could squint agin who isn't so much interested in psy- he was my meat. That 'ese woman's appeal to heaven was answered."

"Kill him at once?"
"As dead as this 'ere curbstun! He never kicked around or mussed up the saloon a bit, The injoored wife climbed over him and took possession, the coroner came to conduct the funeral, and a chap with a lot of sticking-plaster fixed up my hurt and said Custer's great need was a dozen Romans like myself."-N. Y. Sun.

Growth of Hair on a Dead Body. Two years ago William A. Walters

was buried in the Stone Chapel cemetery, in Woodcock valley, Huntingdon county, Md. The other day the body was exhumed to be taken by friends of the deceased to Williamsport for reinterment. When the coffin was reached by diggers they discovered that it had sprung at the joints, and out of the crevices the hair on the skull protrud-ed in all directions. On opening the law who met him this time, and she casket the hair on the head was found to measure eighteen inches, the whiskers eight inches, and the growth on the body had been cleanly shaved when ville cometery, fifteen miles from there. Upon exhuming the remains of Jacob Mrs. Tabor, the first wife of Colora- Bresswell the skeleton, which had been do's millionaire, probably has more buried for ten years, had hair on it ten

STOCK-TRANSACTIONS. Cash Value of Annual Transactions in the

The cash value of the annual transactions of New York stock-brokers dedes ordinary comprehension. On Feb. 25. 1881. 721.303 sheres of stocks on the regular list were soid on the floor of the Exchange, 848.940 shares on November 22. 1882, and 3 022,407 in the largest single sale recorded is that of W. H. Vanderbilt to a syndicate of American and foreign bankers and railroad operators. Public sentiment being decidedly averse to the control of the New York Central Railroad by a single family, he, in deference to it, sold less than half his interest in it. But what he did sell amounted to the enormous sum of thirty million dollars. One hundred and lifty thousand shares, at 120. were sold outright, and the option of a hundred thousand more at the same price was subsequently taken up by the same purchasers. The securities daily bought and loaned are paid for by checks on city banks. The yearly business of the New York Clearing-house exceeds fifty tillion dollars, and the principal part of this is from the transactions of the New York Stock Exchange. The London system of settlement twice a month by the adoption in our chief money mart, and is certainly neither so safe nor so judicious as that of cash payments. The methods of business in this

national monetary institution are preeise, positive, and snited to its nature. At 9.50 A. M. the members may enter the Board Room; at 10 the gavel of the presiding officer announces that it is open for business; at 8 P. M., precisely, it is closed. A fine of fifty dollars is imposed for each offense in public trading before or after these hours, and any contract thus made will not be reeognized or enforced by the Governing

Collected in groups, like spring chickens in a rural boarding-house keeper's hen-yard, New York Central, Northwestern, Milwaukee & St. Paul, being special points of attraction, no sooner does the gavel fall than a dozen blending thunder-storms break loose. The air is rent by explosive cries, shrieks, yells, hoots, irregularly rising and falling in gust ungovernable, broken only by the deep bellowings of broad-chested sons of Boanerges. And thus for five long hours the tempest rages, with accompaniments of flitting forms, fierce gestures, uplifted hands, bessing heads and other inexplicable confusions that shroud the innocent spectator in appalling mystery. Here and there are individuals cool and cotlected as if in church, but they only throw the anarchic uproar into more striking relief. "Mad. sirs!-mad as March hares!" But there is wondrous side of the hole. The receipts came in method in this madness. Each offers the stock he has to sell-cries it loudly, employer with as much satisfaction as the prices and conditions they bid for ating at the same moment; every ear is attent to what the owner wishes to catch. The brokers take it all in, sometimes buy and sell without looking at each other, so familiar are they with euch other's voices; cry out while scrib-bling memoranda, "Take 'em," "Sold," "I bought 500 of you at 97," and afterward report to principals who the active traffickers were, thus supplying them with deta for guessing at the trend of the market. In the Bond Room comparative order reigns. All free, laughter loud, and jokes practical.

The bids and offers to sell are intelligibusiness in one corner of the Board

ed ear than the gutturals of so many a conversation, my local editor should Cnoctaws. 'At times the noise is terri- | call the attention of the Town Marsha ble, especially in panies. Heard by participants in the crushing throng, the sounds are distinct enough. Central] at 85-at 41." "Take 'em," shouts a buyer. "One hundred [Chicago and Northwestern] at 84, cash." Eighty-three and three-quarters for 100, with shake of uplifted hand from buyer. "Sold," rejoins the seller. "Five thousand [Northern Pacific Preferred] at 42, buyer 30." "I'll give 41 for the lot." "Sold." Hundred [Lake Shore] at 1, buyer 3." "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Language and Western) "Language and Western" "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Language and Western" "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Language and Western" "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Language and Western" "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Language and Western" "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Language and Western" "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lacka-ware, and Western) "Three-eighths, and allows his neighbors to edit the paper; the other editor is a true local editor has written and allows his neighbors to edit the paper; the other editor is a true local editor has written and allows his neighbors to edit the paper; the other editor is a true local editor has written and allows his neighbors to edit the paper; the other editor is a true local editor has written and allows his neighbors to edit the paper; the other editor is a true local editor has written and allows his neighbors to edit the paper; the other editor is a true local editor has written and allows his neighbors to edit the paper; the other editor is a true local editor has written and allows his neighbors to edit the paper; the other editor is a true local editor has written and allows his neighbors to edit the paper; the other editor has a true local editor has written and allows his neighbors and allows his n wana, and Western) "—any part of 1000 at ½ cash." "One hundred at 3."
"I will give 117 for 500" (Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy). "Sold the lot."
"I'll give \(\frac{1}{4}\) for 300." (New Jersey Central) "l'll loan 200." "l'll take 100, flat." "Fifty [Rock Island] at "Hundred at §." "l'll sell 500 "Take 'em." "Give it for '10½.'' more.'' "Sold." "What's the 500 more." price?" (Lake Shore). "Three-eighths -1." "What \$?" "Why, 643." "I'll give \$ for 1000. "Sold the lot." Bids are monosyllabic as possible. Names of stocks are not vocalized in the localities where the stocks are sold.

Brokers waste no breath in trading. All offers made and accepted are binding. The securities on the free list are not called unless asked for. Sales are either for cash, in which case delivery is made on the same day at or before 2.15 P.M., or in the regular way, when delivery is made on the day following, or on time, usually three, ten, thirty, or sixty days. More frequently option sales are for three days: when stock is cliqued they may be for thirty or sixty days. In option sales the delivery of the stock within the specified time may be at the buyer's option or at the seller's option. must be within sixty days at the longest. In all option contracts extending over three days twenty-four hours notice must be given, not later than 2 P. M., before securities can be delivered

or demanded .- R. Wheatley, in Har-

per's Magazine for November. A pretty little story is told of the way Herr Cohn. the private banker of the Emperor of Germany, gained the imperial favor. Years ago, when the present Empress was still a Princess of Prussia, she made a railway journey to Dessau. On the way her feet got cold, so she sent out an attendant at the next station to procure a flask of terprise. The s'als are placed in a hot water. Unfortunately the cook at patented mill and ground. It has a the railway restaurant had just used capacity of five tons a day. By an inup every drop of hot water in making fresh poffee for those who had just at work assorting the dust into fine, the breast six inches, notwithstanding arrived on the train. The restaurateur poarse and insufficiently treated. The the breast six inches, notwithstanding arrived on the train. The restaurateur inches and the coarse are taken by elewas in despair, when one of the guests hat and cane, and left the house, -Bos- prepared for burial. A similar in- suddenly got up, seized the pot of vator belts to the floor below, where stance occurred in 1882, at the Casse: fresh coffee, and poured it into the through canvas chutes, regulated by imperial flask. The attendant hastened wooden slides, barrels are rapidly fillaway with it, but soon returned, as the ed. The product is sold for chicken Empress wished to know the name of feed. Twenty tons and more are sent the man who had had the happy yearly to San Francisco, orders are fillthought of utilizing the coffee. And she did not forget him.

An Old-Time Southern Supper.

It was a treat to sit down to a Southern supper the other day, where there were half a dozen ladies of the old school-their respective ages being between 70 and 85. Ah, there were reminiscences for you! Courteous of manner, happy and with no thought of yet yielding up their days; dressed in black silks with soft laces; every head silverweek ending Marc : 26. 1881. The crowned-indeed they were a joy, and presented a picture worthy of preservation. Four of them had been neighbors and intimate friends of General Jackson, and all had the kindliest appreciation of his much-wounded wife, whom he so loved. The uncle of one had something to do with Jackson's duel, and a relative of another performed one of Old Hickory's marriage ceremonies. A lady, hale in her eighties, who rejoices in her second sight, and reads everything, scorning spectacles, and possesses fine conversational powers, related remembrances of Auron Burr. He had come to Tennessee, and was wined and dined about all the grand plantations. Her uncle entertained him, and she well remembers her father and mother being invited to dinner during the time. They rode over on horseback, her father carrying her in front of him. She was four or live years of age, and it was at payments of differences has failed of an era when parents "went abroad" (as they denominated visiting), and the children were never left at home. She was perched up at the table beside her mother, and stared to her content at the handsome lion of the day.

This was after his retirement from the Vice Presidency-Jefferson having been President-and his maneuvers in the Southwest gave rise to the suspicion that he was organizing an expedition to invade Mexico, with the purpose of establishing an empire there which should embrace some of the Southwestern States of this confederaev. He was arrested for treason at Richmond, Va., and tried for treason before Calei Justice Marshall and acquitted in 1807.

The stately matron, who continue o grow mere eloquent over the famous Adonis and statesman, began after awhile to give much interesting history of Jefferson's private life-her departed husband having been an inmate of that great man's home for several years of his boyhood.

Another of the dames had been a social leader at Washington-had dined frequently at the Wnite House with more than one President and had entertained distinguished people from all ands, including heirs to thrones. And her husband was Congressman

during Buchanan's Administration, and yet another related to that President and to his magnificent niece, who presided so grandly over the White House, and was so admired by Victoria at the Court of St. James. They gave vivid descriptions of Miss Harriet Lane and Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Wester and Mrs. McClellan and others who over the realm, and witnessed every desired stocks. Hundreds are vocifer- move made by the Prince of Wales when he was a guest of the President | -San Franc. co 10st.

Giving People Toffy Does no Good.

My son, if I should publish a daily paper for twenty years-if you can just strain your credulity to the point of believing that I could keep a daily paper going longer than six weeks-if I should publish a daily p mer for twenty years, and in all that time take oceasion to mention you about twice a Room comparative order reigns. All week as "our distinguished fellow are seated. Occasionally manners are townsman" and "that eminent man of letters and merchant prince," and should say every time you crossed the ble. Between bond cails the brokers river on the ferry that you had "dewho deal in these securities transact parted" for the East, and when you came back I should notice that "our Room, to which they descend by an justiy-popular fellow-citizen" had "re-elevator, with the stock-brokers from turned;" if I should in all these years whom they receive orders. There the praise your dog, your horse, your voices of the traffickers are torn into goods, your wife and babies, your tattered shreds of sound, which con- clothes, and your character, and then vey no more meaning to the uneducat- some day, when I was away attending to the filthy condition of the street and sidewalk in front of your store, would you ever forgive me? Would you? "Five hundred [New York | You would denounce the paper as a I fear there is a feeling prevalent that. "scurrilous sheet" and its editor as a after ail, it leads nowhere in particu-"lying scandal-monger that ought to be whipped out of the community.' That is the reason my son why there, about your arrival home, and sends it in-"By some inscrutable decree of a stern and relentless Providence, old Jake Diffenbaugh has been permitted to come back home alive," and then meets you at the head of the stairs with a blackjack and pounds the top "I'll sell 500 | of your head in when you come to see

about it .- Burdette in Brooklyn Eugle.

Two gentlemen of color, interested in a living in North Minneapolis, were recently overheard having the following conversation: "Sam, I hear dat dar's a good many spring chickuns

bein' tuk from de roosts in Highlan' Park. 'Sdat so?''
'Yes, niggah, dat am de sad fac.' An' Ise berry sorry that such er reperation is a-gittin out 'bout dat subub: libs dar mysel'." ·Dat so? It am de truff den.

"Yes, Sam, it am the truff. I hab

seen de proof wid dese berry oeuler demerstrations mysel'." "How's dat?" "Well, yer see ole man, Ise got a smart string ob chickuns mysel' an' I reckons dey's a-in-creasin' right 'long all de time. 'Most ebery mawnin' finds two or three moah chickuns in my coop den da was de night befoah. How's dat? Why it makes dem chick-uns, specially de spring uns, so scart to near the sun, the wax melted, and to to tinks dey's gwine to be stole dat dey just sneaks 'way in de night an'-comes ober to my rocet when derived the sun amount of the sea—a warning to future generations.— "Flythg-Mader chines," by T. W. Mather, in Popular comes ober to my roost whar deys science wonthly fan November. safe. Nobody'd tink ob lookin' darfoah spring chickuns ter steal, an' when des gets dar Ise bound ter pahtee 'um. Beats all now seaht dem chickuns gits!" - Minneapolis Mail.

ter shells by a Hartford, Conn., man, who is coining money in his new ened from Western states, and Bermuda and the Sandwich Islands have been supplied.

HOW NOT TO DROWN.

Keep Cool and Don't Struggle. Four years ago I was floating in the surf at Atlantic City, gazing up into the sky and thinking only of its beauties, when, feeling somewhat tired, I essayed to stand up, but failed for the very excellent reason that I had nothing to stand on. I had, without noticing it, floated out beyond my depth. I am a very indifferent swimmer, and make it a rule not to venture into the water when I cannot secure a foothold when I need onc. Yet I found myself, not through any foolish venturesomeness, beyond the furthest line of bathers. Of course I immediately struck out for shore. After swimming until I felt thoroughly exhausted I found that I had made very little progress, and I also discovered that the bottom of the ocean was too far beneath me to be of any practical benefit as a basis of traveling. Now what would you do under such circumstances? Shout for help, you say. Exactly! That, I suppose, is what any well-conditioned, sensible human being would do, and yet I found myself actually ashamed to do it. I was positively morally weak enough to permit a consideration of what my fellow-men would think of me to overpower the natural sense of self-preservation. I fancied that I might be laughed at for crying for assistance before I was actually sinking beneath the waves, and so I struggled on until a sudden convulsive twitching in the calf of my leg told me that I had a cramp. Then I shouted "Help!" quite lustily, and shouted thrice. Nobody heard me, and nobody paid any attention to me. Thanks to my good fortune, however, I remained perfectly cool, else I would not be talking to you now. I was able to recognize on the shore the faces of people I knew, and, although I experienced no sense

would never see them again.
Now, by all recognized rules and regulations in such cases made and provided, the events of my entire life should have passed before me in instantaneous review. I'll guarantee that you never read a novel but that, when the hero or villain was sinking beneath the waves, he thinks, with lightning-like rapidity, of every act in his career. "And, as Reginald felt the cruel waters closing above him, all the deeds of his life, both good and bad, passed before him as though a panorama was being moved by some magic hand." That is about the way it generally reads, you know, and that is what should have happened to me. But I am iconoclastic and cruel enough to say that I had no such experience. I found that my mind was absorbed with but one thought, to the exclusion of all other sensations. I thought of absolutely nothing but of getting ashore just as soon as possible. After my first unheeded cries for help I again felt ashamed to call again, but de another effort at swin my cramped condition I found this truitless, and so I again cried out for assistance, but kept perfectly still in the water while I did it. Had I struggled I would have lost breath, and with it my life. My last shout was heard. I saw a sudden excitement on the beach, I saw men point their arms toward me. I saw others run into the water. I saw a man bring a coil of rope. I could identify the individuals who were doing these things. I watched them coming toward me and simply endeavored to keep as quiet as possible. In this way I managed to keep affoat until they got me and drag-

of fear, I felt fully satisfied that I

god me ashore.
What I wish to demonstrate is that the very poorest swimmer among you is perfectly safe in the water if he only keeps cool and does not struggle when nothing is to be gained by such efforts.

-Philadelphia News.

The Problem of Human Flight. The subject of my paper-flying-machines in a general way, is of interest to everybody. But, to those who have given it more particular attention, it is not only interesting but fascinating, and a little dangerous. The pathway has been strewn with wreeks; and lar, unless it be to the almshouse . or

lunatic asylum, Still, there are times when we heartily envy the birds their wonderful power. I remember in reading, I think, Mr. Wallace's book on the Amazons, that he was once standing on the shore of the mighty river, confronted by an day as he pleases.3" impenetrable wall of green, conceating within itself doubtless no end of new plants and beetles; and when a gayly nas, who, with his wife (formerly Miss painted macaw came sailing lazily Eva Mackey), is now in San Francisco. along and disappeared behind the treetops without any sort of trouble, the ably superior to those of any country gave vent emphatically to the general in the old world. As regards scenery, wish to fly, and to a feeling of surprise it has many striking features. The that apparently so simple a problem chief feature of American scenery, if I should have remained so long un- may call it so, is its originality. I

I propose here to give an account of those tremendous canvous, and climbsome of the attempts to fly that have ed some of the highest peaks. There been made in the past, and are now is a severity of aspect, a ruggedness of being made; and to try to explain the character in the landscape. Everything principles involved, and why

sensibly appear to have been content | In Europe there is less of this conductto give the gods and birds and butter-fles a monopoly of the air; for, excepting the story of Dæ lalus and Icarus, little mention has been made by classical writers of attempts to fly, or of fly- drew near Timor Laut his steamer was

ing-machines.
Dædalus, it seems, had killed a man in Athens, and with his unfortunate son fled to Crete, where King Minos very properly detained him; but, de-termined to escape, he made wings of of the fortification was removable on feathers cemented with wax, and, in- the shore side in the daytime, and the structing Icarus to fly neither too high ground outside was closely set with nor too low, but to closely follow him, bamboo spikes, the place being on its launched limself into the air, and took defence. From a branch of a high tree a bee-line for Greece. The young man, near by hung a human arm, hacked however, was ambitious, and, flying out by the shoulder blade. The money

Statistics show that the people of the off that disease. United States from being one of the hardest drinking nations are becoming among the most sparing consumers of spirituous liquors, When Dr. Rush, in 1785, began his attack upon intemperance, whisky and rum were regarded as among the necessaries of life, and | bracelets, upon the arrival of each were "almost as free as water," In steamer, at \$3 per pair. Some specifarm labor ardent spirits were a regular daily ration. It is related by writ- Indian artificer is a very rapid workers of the period that "in the country | man, and will from a piece of coin clergymen drank as hard as their par- make a beautifully chased ring in an ishioners; that women and children hour or so with his rude tools. The joined in the revels, and that it was no | heads of animals and Indian characters more uncommon to meet a tipsy cler- are included in his designs. gyman than to see a woman or halfgrown boy staggering under an overevery eighty-seven of the inhabitants. creasing in popularity. It is quite En-

MISSING LINKS.

The prison population of Great Britain was twice as large in 1850 as it is

Levi P. Morton has nine daughters every one of whom is said to be a

It is reported that the Princess Kung of China has been converted to Chris-

tianity. Miss Lillian Russell says she has received as many love letters from ladies as from gentlemen.

Lady Carnarvon, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is diligently studying the Irish language. The hair of President Clevaland is

thinning rapidly, and it is prophesied he will yet be as baid as Bismarck or Ben Butier. The skull of Douglass, the Ute Indian war chief, is used as a paper

weight by the editor of the Glenwood, Col.) Echo. Dr. Butler, who retires from the head mastership of Harrow worth \$500,000, is "the most successful school-teacher

in the world." Sarah Bernhardt is said to be still \$150,000 in debt. She hopes to make the amount with a surplus in her com-

ing American tour. The best gravedigger in Virginia is named McNamara and he is 83 years old. He has buried over 7,000 persons. He gathers them in. Beaconsfield talked in a soft, low

while Lord Salisbury, not being so great, talks more loudly. A North Carolina farmer recently bought a tract of land for \$2,200, and the very next day sold from it a tower-

ing walnut tree for \$1,800.

voice, Gladstone in medium tones,

Old Spot, the horse that Gen. Grant used at Vicksburg, was sold last year for \$11, by order of the Quartermaster, and has now joined a circus. Mr. Ish, of Waco, Tex., wears as a

watch-charm a bit of ore dug 2,000 feet below the surface, and that assays 2,200 worth of gold to the ton. It is curious that General Curtis Lee, though a grandson of Mrs. Curtis, bears a most marked and striking re-

A dashy girl at one of the Saratoga hotels wore a white silk ball dress on the folds of which were hand-painted scenes "from our country seat in California.'

semblance to the pictures of Washing-

An American girl, traveling in India, got hot water with which to mix a morning toddy, by stepping, mug in hand, to the locomotive and serenely seeking it of the astounded stoker. The prominent sheep raisers in Ten-

business, owing to the want of a dog law, asserting that 300,000 sheep cannot be maintained against 500,000 President Cieveland is a prudent man. He has had insurance policies on his life for some time to the amount of \$15,000. Recently a policy for \$10,-000 more, was taken out. Insurance

nessee have resolved to abandon the

men have considered presidential lives somewhat hazardous. M. Grevy, president of the French republic, is said to be rather parsimonious. The latest anecdote about him is to the effect that at the Odeon the other evening a stranger presented pected the president to arrive at the theatre. "The president is not expected this evening," replied the manager. "Who told you that he was coming?" "No one," returned the stranger, "but I had seen in the paper

that you were giving a performance tonight at reduced rates. A correspondent says of Lester Wallack, the veteran- gallant and actor: "Very careful is Lester Wallack about the usages of good society. He ran away with the daugher of an English nobleman, whose acquaintance he had made while an officer in a crack regiment of the English army. When Wallack lost Montague, who gave him entire satisfaction, he was compelled to take Osmond Tearle. One morning at rehearsal Tearle committed the faux pas of lifting his coat-tails as he sat down to make love to a young lady in her drawing-room. Wallack was disgusted; with the act. 'Let me tell vou. Mr. Tearle, that a gentleman's wardrobe is sufficiently large to permit of

"From what I have seen," said the heir to the titles of the Roman Colon-"this country has resources incomparhave visited the Rocky mountains, seen success is conducted on a scale of immensity. the lines are bold, and the effect of the The old Greeks and Romans very picture sometimes astounds the sense.

his rumpling as many coat-tails in a

... When Mr. Forbes, who recently came home from a visit to the islands lying in the "dark purpied spheres of sea, suddenly surrounded by a fleet of canoes. All at once the wild Papuan boatmen set up, the ery, "Laru, laru!" "Gin, gin!" The village was found palisaded all round. A small portion there is a kind; of bead, made of soft red stone. Both sexes cicatrive their arms and shoulders with small spots by means of red hot stones. This is said to be an imitation of small-pox marks, with the intention of warding

The Indians of Alaska are said to be fine silversmiths, and their silver bracelets in partionlar are in great deniand. A lame workman has an extensivo repute, and he sells dozens of mens he gets \$25 a pair for. The lame

Chorus choirs of male voices have load of spirits, or a farm hand lying become the fashionable church music blind drank by the roadside." In New York. There are six or seven Pennsylvania there were in 1790 ng congregations which will begin this less than 5,000 stills in operation in a fall their first experience in male choirs. population of 434.373, cr ane still for and the chorus of boys' voices is in-